IN PERILOUS WAYS: A KNIGHT ERRANT'S PECULIAR MISSION BY WILLIAM W. RUSS

Times of Sunday, July 24.

Max Harvey, a young American, undertakes the task of reacuing Teresa, the beautiful nieco of Dr. Melrose, from her cruel stepfather, Don Carlos, a powerful Mexican. When pursued by rufflans he seeks shelter in her home and is shown a way of escape by her. Jumping from a window, he falls upon a monk, who has been stealthily following him. He escapes, but returns to find the monk attacked by bandits. He rescues him and later is arrested, and while in prison is visited by the monk. He threatens Harvey and goes away. Harvey in his prison receives a note signed Teresa, imploring him to escape and rescue her. With the help of Martin, his friend, he escapes. While hiding along a road Teresa's carriage is attacked by bandits. He rescues her, and after a strenuous journey reaches her home. When he awakens the next morning he is overcome by the news that Teresa has left the city. As he is about to go in pursuit he is arrested and thrown into prison. He is ordered executed, but before the order goes into effect he is questioned by Don Luis regarding Teresa. The monk enters the cell and attacks Harvey with a knife. Harvey knocks him down and escapes. He calls on Mr. Smith, Melrose's banker, and is told he cannot have any money, as Melrose's whereabouts are unknown, but he gets it at last and he meets his servant, who gives him a letter telling him Melrose is captured by bandits and asking him to come and pay the ransom. He goes to the rescue. On the way he captures five brigands, and, with the aid of one of their prisoners, binds then securely. The chief is told to send a man SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

CHAPTER XVII-Continued.

Harvey," he said, after a "I shall see that you are well d. But my niece, Teresa? I heard of her being kidnaped on the Paseo. I was certain you had a hand in that business, and naturally con-cluded that you would go to La Puebla. I had not been staying in the city for a day or two, and was on the road to follow you when I was taken by the ter, you would never have attempted

"That may be, Mr. Melrose," I re-"but it was not so difficult an undertaking as one might suppose. It was simply a matter of courage or au-dacity." I explained. "I was well armed, and I took the fellows off their guard, and they had not sense enough to recover from their surprise in time to make any resistance. Do you not remember how our army entered the City feating the Mexicans in engagement afaudacity, the very boldness of the un-

"Years ago, Cortez, with an insignificant army, a mere handful of adven-turers, defeated the hordes of Tias-In one battle there were opposed to him nearly a hundred thousand men, and at another time one hundred and fifty thousand men. In the first battle it is said that he lost not a man, and in the second engagement the loss was almost insignificant, and thousands of

e Tiascalans were slain.

I have done nothing but what any bandit or robber might have accomplished, had he a mind to undertake the business. I cannot even lay my success to any shrewdness and skill on my part, for I blundered in among them, and fortune favored me. The fellows were cowards or they would have made some resistance. As I say, it was a mat-

Your courage must be of the extraordinary kind, then," said Mr. Mel-rose, looking me over from head to as if to make sure that I was

"No. I do not think it is." I replied. "I am fearless of danger, because miliarity with it has led me to view it with contempt. I deserve no credit for

"Most certainly you do!" he exclaimed. "It takes nerve and resolution. You set

You succeed where

out doing a thing in a half-hearted when the brave General Pillows was sent to storm Chapultepec, our soldiers quickly carried the outer works, climbing over fortification after fortification on, that the Mexicans were unable to find time to fire their guns, or to explode the mines which had been pre-

flag was set above the castle. It is only necessary to do-to do something as if one meant business. The Mexicans are w race, and that is one of their chief faults.' You have done nobly," replied Mr.

Melrose, "You have the capacity of a general, and only lack the opportunity to distinguish yourself."

CHAPTER XVIII.

An Affair by the Way.

I do not think that I am often given to appearing egotistical, for I have alreserved and unobtrusive in env speech. I am rather more of a man of

too much regarding myself and playing travelers like ourselves. the braggart, for he had always expressed his admiration for my ability and knew that I was generally modest in speaking what he said, but upon being called to myself I very quickly lapsed into silence.

As it happened the road was good at this point, and we urged our horses forward. We did not draw rein for a mile or two, and then only because the de scent became steep. Mr. Melrose was again at my side, and though quite out of breath from the exertion of keeping in the saddle, would ask me numerous estions, not only regarding his niece but also concerning my own misadven tures. I endeavored to answer his ques tions as modestly as possible, giving him brief account of my imprisonment and escape and my reasons for not following his instructions and entering into negotiations with the bandits.

Don Cortinia gave a rather exagger ated account of the capture of the outlaws, in which he gave me more credit for bravery than I deserved, and himself considerable glory, which I was cer tainly willing he should have.

"And my niece, Teresa Melrose!" exclaimed Mr. Melrose suddenly.

ot because I had forgotten her, for she had been constantly in my mind from the time when I first met her. Nor was reason-perhaps because I was so much and not anxious to make explanations l

eem to be of such a personal natureceived a rebuff from the young lady that one hesitates to speak about them. But now, in answer to his inquiry, I reting nothing that I thought would be had played, especially how he had folceeded in securing my arrest and im-

I said nothing about Don Luis, not I said nothing about Don Luls, nor did I mention meeting him, as I did not like to speak of one who seemed to be like to speak of one who seemed to be my rival. Besides, the differences which had arised between us seemed to be almost of a personal nature.

"And you say that you were arrested at La Puebla, and then brought back?" he asked. "So this is how it came about that you were at the capital?"

learned that Teresa had left the hotel?"
"I was so informed by my man Mar I replied, "I had no reason to doubt the truth of what he told me.'

"You think this man Martin you speak of is trustworthy?" "Certainly I do," I answered. implicit confidence in him."

"It is not likely than that he had anything to do with your being arrested, or that he induced Teresa to go away?"
"I do not think so," I replied. "I am convinced that he knew nothing of my arrest until after it had been made." "Then you believe it was the monk, Fray Ignominious, who induced her to go. away?"

Puebla, and I learned afterward from tion of Mexican women. She looked up his own lips that he was the person who as we entered, but did not rise. informed on me and had me arrested."

thought, though she would not have gone as she did."

the city, and it is possible that she may have gone to one of these," he sugperience in the past and the objections she has always made to entering a We do not know the circumstances as for their nunneries and convents,

"I do not say that she did not act wisely," I replied. "As things turned out-I being arrested-it was perhaps the best that she did not remain at the

"Yes, yes, because we cannot tell what would have occurred. She may be with friends and well cared for. monk, Fray Ignominious, he is dead, you

what he is dead," I answered. "It is the hand of God! And God be praised!" exclaimed Mr. Melrose

I could have said amen to this. I, in or Fray Ignominious' death But there are others who will oppose

us," he said. "Did it ever happen that you met one Don Luis Robolo? I have heard his name mentioned in conwith that of my niece.'

him, when he continued: "It is not strange to say that I should

"You will remember rein, and was waiting for us somewhat facing the door. impatiently.

"If we proceed in this leisurely fashvertaken. Or, do you want to give Mr. Melrose those rascals another chance at us?"

"The rascals have had their chance." I replied. "And as for being in a hurry, we will reach La Puebla in good time. 'We will be lucky if we reach there at all," he retorted. "The more I think of it, the more I am satisfied that we to follow us. The cutthroats!-they are bad lot. Did you mark the cunning in their chief's eye? I would have-He stopped suddenly, Something across the valley had attracted his attention. I looked up just in time to see a horseman disappear over the ridge, and very soon two others followed him, but further than that I could not tell. Their appearance caused Don Cortinia tome theasiness.

"Bandits!" he muttered. "What did I tell you?" We are not yet out of the

I endeavored to laugh at the idea that action than of words. But naturally, at the men were bandits, for I saw that some times my tongue moves with more what he said had caused Mr. Melrose freedom than at others, and then I am much alarm; and, in truth, I did not disposed to run on very much as I did believe that we would be attacked. We troubles which led to it. His listener, were well armed, and could make a however, had assumed an indifferent attitude, and seemed only half conscious Melrose meant to check me, or in- men we saw were herders, and came tended to insinuate that I was saying from the haclenda; or they might be

than we had been doing. As we drew generally modest in speaking up our horses again, I noticed that Mr. Neither was I offended at Melrose was looking pale and tired, seemingly keeping his seat in the saddle with difficulty.

"This will not do for you to travel without breakfast," I said, turning to him. "You are ill already."

"I have not been well," he replied "but do not concern yourself on my ac count. We will keep on. I am anxious to reach La Puebla as soon as pos

"It may be that Senor Harvey been in the habit of taking his breakfast with his dinner," suggested Don Cortinia, with a faint smile. "I can say for myself that for some time I have felt the need of a cup of coffee.

"And we will have it," I replied, "for if I am not mistaken there is a house ahead of us on the road, and we will see what we can get to eat. But I will across the doorway. My attention was say that I have of late been accusalso directed toward our host. He had tomed to eat when circumstances make it convenient for me to do so."

"A cup of coffee will be better than was upon him, furious with rage.

tothing. It will warm us up." "Villain!" I exclaimed, making

t was po longer chilly.

We had been descending from the high elevation of the mountains all the time, and it is wonderful what a change elevation will effect in temperature. But my companions were older than I; their blood was not so warm, nor were they med to receive the result of the from the first three were shouts and cries from outside the house.

I fell upon the Mexican, and he was partially stunned by the fail. As I recovered myself, the room seemed to grow dark. I was consclous that Mr. blood was not so warm, nor were they wall and I receive the room outside the house. ing several months in the high altitude table of the City of Mexico had served to He

room smelt abominably of orders which myself upon the crowd, and fought vere beyond my power of analyzing, ex- madly. cept to say that they were most vile.

venient, and the smoke allowed to escape as best it might through door or windows. At one end of the room there was a bundle of magurie fibers, which rude table, and near the walls were benches or stools. These things, with a few cooking utensils, constituted about

A woman, as frowsy as the man, was seated on the ground, engaged in pre-"I do, and that he knew where she paring tortillas, a task, as it seemed shining in my face. I could he went," I said. "He followed us to La to me, which was the universal occupations about me talking.

The dog still barked at our heels, and "She left no word?"

"None that I know of. I should have hought, though she would not have one as she did."

the man gave him a kick which sent him howling out of the door, and then offered us seats. Mr. Melrose sank into the nearest one, and I waited for the stinging sensation—the pain being so "There are many religious houses in Spaniard. He had turned to the man. "We want some coffee," he explained,

'as good as you can make, and also mething to eat." enough, "we will give you the best we

classes of Mexicans, was bad enough, I of a ghastly look.

knew. It mattered not about the war. The sight of him brought me back

Yet poverty to those who knew nothing better, who had no higher ambition than merely to exist, was not in-tolerable. It was their inheritance; and a sharp pain caught me in the side so The generations of life under the same congenerations of life under the same con-ditions had inured them to it. And this, When I again revived my vision was too, in a land of wonderful resources, where it would seem that everyone stand that the fight was over, and that

But the Mexicans are indolent, con tent to have nothing; and it was likely up, and I felt but little pain. that it would be a thankless underattempt to show them how they might was going on around me—that my at-better their condition. But to one of tendants became alarmed. I heard them Melrose possessed, the surroundings the probability of my living.

I saw him look about him with dis I think he was about to say "Span- people had made him unmindful of their

"If we are fortunate enough to reach lon," he said, "we may expect to be preciate being at a good hotel," observed been shot off.

"We will not reach La Puebla tonight," replied Don Cortinia 'What!" I exclaimed. "Not reach La Puebla?"

"No, for we have a good day's ride before we reach Tiaxcala. And from an unpleasar Tiaxcala to La Puebla it is fully ten a queer one. miles, if not more. No, we will lay over

"I guess that we will have to" I said But I can say that this is an infernally 'Not so slow sometimes." replied the

Spaniard, with a scornful smile. The coffee was brought to us black. out not so bad as we might have expected to find; and also some of the tortillas which we had seen the woman making. She went out after she had

inished baking them; but the man stayed to wait upon us. I was hungry, and paid little attention to what was in a talkative mood, and he was giving

Mr. Melrose an account of the war and of what was being told to him "This war is being fought," Don Cor tinia was saying, "as revolutions hav been fought in Mexico before. It in

volves only a few, comparatively speak ing. In a month, or a year, it will be Possibly there is more in this war than is usual with revolutions in Mexic for it is not altogether a one-man affair, in which some one aspires to sident, but grave issues are at stake. "But the people, strange to say, care little which side wins. They have no definite ideas as to their political and religious rights. Mexico is not a country which should be a republic. An emperor, or a king-a man with broad co ervative ideas-would be better than the rule of politicians. It may come to

He stopped abruptly, as if from inattention of his listeners, but I knew in a moment something was wrong. Intuitively I looked up, and, as I did so, I distinctly saw the shadow of a man fall come arounnd to the side of the table and stood directly back of the Spaniard.

This story was commenced in The have told me scarcely anything about of, it is kept by a greaser, and it is well that she was holding something concaptured two of their number, the other having been wide awake enough since tiful place, the air clear, they had been talking of Don Carlos. all that can be asked for just such a fast there, for I can promise you that are moticed it, too, for, quality they do not set a table d'hote, nor are meals served 'en cours.'"

"We will take what we can get, and be thankful for it," said Mr. Melrose.

"And Don Cortinia—he is safe?" I wrenched the knife from her hand, hurling her from him, but before he could turn to defend himself, the man at his men. "Not a scratch to boast of. every one knows—"he hesitated, but to remain there. I do not like the home at his men. "Not a scratch to boast of. every one knows—"he hesitated, but to remain there. I do not like the home are in the cooking, though the service are in the cooking the

Under the excitement caused by the bound for the Mexican, and clutching nental strain I had been subject to, at his throat. He struggled to get away, through the rapid changing of events, from me, but I bore him down to the I had not noticed the cold. nor had I ground. Fortunate it was for me that thought before of eating. The sun was ow well up, the morning advanced, and a built whizzed over my head, and there were shouts and cries from outside

used to roughing it as I had been doing of the last two years. Then, too, lives the Spanlards crouched behind the He was leaning over it, his revolve drawn-he was holding it with both hands-and then he fired. Something

struck me on the head, and, half blinded at us vacantly, and then called to an Indian boy, who stretched himself and I could see men crowding in-fierce, got up lazily from a pile of straw in a savage looking faces—and heard their shed at one end of the house. We dis-mounted, giving our horses to the peon their pistols. The room was blue with smoke, and I could see no one distinct-

ground for a floor. One or two small and then, seeming to despair of ever windows admitted a little light. The getting out of the place alive, I threw was suffocating-I could not get my It would seem that the fire-what lit-breath. I stumbled over the body of the was needed for cooking-was built a man, there was a flash before my eyes, and I remembered nothing more

CHAPTER XIX.

After the Fight.

I must have been stunned by the blow on my head. that I could not tell. It must have been after some time that I gradually became conscious that I was lying in the open air, and that the sun was earing tortillas, a task, as it seemed shining in my face. I could hear sev-

I had no desire to move, or to open my eyes. I only wished to remain cold water, which seemed to refresh me, but when my head was touched, acute as to cause me to cry out-but it taken prisoners were hung," I replied. was only for an instant, and after it had passed I opened my eyes.

The first person I saw was Mr. Melrose. He was sitting near me, his face plain, as white as that of a dead man, but begrimed and blackened with powder, which served to give him all the more

knew. It mattered not about the war. The sight of him prought he back high war and for it affected them very little. They to the scene of the fight, and I was sudhis hand. "I blamed you for letting meet him. over had anything. The property and denly possessed with the idea that it those fellows go when you had them in was not over. "Where are they? Let your power. It was the only honorable the captain. attempt to rise.

A soldier held me back, but I think

remain quiet. My head had been tied

So long did I lie in this kind of stu taking for the philanthropist who would por-yet conscious all the time of what uch a fine and sensitive nature as Mr. talking, and something was said about

I wondered how badly I was hurt. An officer came up. I heard him adgust, and I doubt not, had he been in dressed as captain. He inquired after better health and spirits, he would have the "American—the fellow pulled out preached to our host a sermon on shift-lessness. As for Don Cortinia, long and I listened to hear what answer would

others would fall."

lard," but, looking up, he saw Don Corpoverty, and he probably looked upon it in a scalp wound—I naturally would be a I experienced the queer sensation of of us while we were talking, had drawn table, and I sat down near him, but little dazed from the blow-but that it faintness which then came over me. was feared that I was injured internally. I felt relieved, for I had an idea that night in Tlaxcala. We could not La Puebla tonight, I think we will ap- that possibly the top of my head had very well have gone further. In fact

Still, I seemed powerless to move, after sundown. and so lay there listening to their con- Don Cortinia proved to be a most conversation. The sensation I felt was, as genial traveling companion. He showed nearly as I can describe it, as if I had Mr. Melrose much kindness, even taking left my body, or that I was not a part it upon himself to procure him comfort of myself; and, on the whole, it was not able quarters and a good bed. He also an unpleasant sensation, though rather stayed with him that night. I lay in

did not think that he ever could come cards, but I was too tired to join with out of that fight alive," he continued. They beat him down, and then tramp-

"Oh, he is young," replied the officerthe one who had inquired about me. takes a good deal of rough usage to kill a healthy man-sometimes. And ing, as it did, from an officer of the to pull through. He is not dead yet. He had stooped down and was feeling staten my pulse. This caused me to rouse differe myself, and I again attempted to get party. up, but this time more slowly than be-

en soldiers to be seen. One of them gave me some brandy from a flask. "What did I tell you?" said the cap-in. "He will be all right soon. I The conversation was pri

have seen many a wounded man in my life, and I know a dead man when I "I am not dead yet," I replied.

'No, it's the other fellows who are he said with a laugh. The men who stood by laughed, too, though I saw nothing to laugh at. "You are hurt?" I asked, turning to

Mr. Melrose. "Not much, my boy," he replied, eaching forward and taking my hand. You seem to have suffered most. You vent mad, and then you got into the thickest of the fight and fought the villains off until the soldiers came."

I smiled faintly at this statement. That I went mad, seemed a strange a good deal in the game, and he is just thing for him to say. Yet I did go the man to play for high stakes." mad; but it was the madness of desperation, for I expected to be killed. "It was a terrible place," continued above his head. Evidently he was fully Mr. Melrose, and I saw him shudder. But for the soldiers we might never result very uncertain.

have seen the light of day again. "But how did it happen that the sol- favor," remarked the lieutenant. liers came to our assistance?" I asked. liers came to our assistance?" I asked.

It was explained to me that the advance guard of a detachment of the rumor. It was reported, too, that his daughter was to marry Don Luis." "But we will not adopt your custom," said the Spaniard, "unless circumstances ment; but it was not her shadow that I had seen across the threshold. But I had seen across the threshold and to all appearances had a seen across the threshold. But I had seen across the threshold across the thre

sound as ever he was. Ah, but he has was an American, had his sport, for he has just assisted "There is good

"Hung them?" I asked in surprise. with them? They were not worth the bears the same name, Melrose. It is a powder and lead to shoot them. Besides, the example—it is a warning for those of their class."

"Unfortunate wretches!" I groaned, killed by bandits, so !! was reported.' half in sympathy with them, and half in horror at the summary way of deal- softly. ing with prisoners.
The men only laughed.

I shut my eyes and shuddered. howing his spleen. But I felt too mis- without the banditti?"

orofusely, was not serious.

It had probably been inflicted with a "He had said he would marry

much of my hurts. much of my hurts.

Mr. Melrose had received several small of years,

"There was some trouble about the injuries, but nothing that gave him much trouble. Being weak, and con-

nervous strain had been great. I apprehended more danger from this than anything else. I had felt alarmed for him during the morning, and now left in queer shape. Senor Melrose had selves fortunate if, we are to have no I was afraid he would not be able to provided for his child, as well as his more of a hand in its child. go on. But he kept up with a wonder- wife."

ful show of endurance. Don Cortinia soon joined us, his face stern and rigid as if he had performed a valiant service-a little disagreeable. however, a look of satisfaction in his eyes, and I thought his sternness was

for effect.
"I see you are able to be up," he said, speaking to me. "You should have been at the execution. The work was quickly and neatly done

"I have been told that the bandits "They were, and by my order," he answered with dignity; though why it was by his order I am not able to ex-

nothing to say," I replied.
"You are a noble fellow, though inthing you could do, but I was right;

they should have been shot. Some day hope to be able to show you my appre clation of your integrity." I thanked him as best I could. I was glad enough for his friendship, for in this strange country I had none too nough without making more

We rested for a couple of hours, and then resumed our journey. Mr. Melrose was not in a condition to travel, but he kept up wonderfully well. I had not felt myself as if I was equal to the exertion required for a long ride. As we went by the door of the hou

where we had the fight, I saw the bodies of the dead bandits lying near where they had fallen. They had been stripped of their weapons, and everything else of value.

and I did not like to look at them, but turned away, for a sickness seen

we did not arrive at Tlaxcala until long

a bunk in a large room occupied by "It was a miracle that any of us es- the captein and some of the other officaped,"I heard Mr. Melrose say. "I cers. They smoked cigarettes and played

"If this expedition is not successful, Juarez will be president of Mexico." heard the captain say, as he was deal-

It sounded almost like treason. with the constitution he has, he ought conservative forces; but the other officers appeared to accept it as a plain statement of facts. I thought them indifferent regarding the success of their

way Mexican soldlers had of weighing appeared to be as much at home as if he had been at his own table. He was about me. There were tarken as about me. There were tarken as a sitting position, so I was able to look about me. There were tarken as a sitting position. There were, perhaps, a doz-s to be seen. One of them they found they were on the losing side, themselves away. She is like her moth-

The conversation was principally upo the war and camp gossip. They dis cussed the merits of different officers, and told of their peculiarities. discussed these things with a freedom and confidence in each other; and especially so, since they were in a country

utterances or opinions. "How will it be with Don Carlos de asked one of the officers-"He has thrown everything with the

onservatives, Fool! If they lose, everything is up with him." "I do not know," replied the lieuten-ant. "He has always been far sighted. If we win, there is a chance that he may some day be president. There is

The captain sat back in his chair and aware that war was a big game and the "I heard that Don Carlos was losing

"You I don't like. As to the house you speak did see an evil light in her eyes, and have a hand in the business. Falling my eyes were shaded, and to all appear. Puebla," I said. "From what I have

Blackened a little with powder, his began again. "As every one knows, he tels, or the cooking, though the service a clothes somewhat dusty, but he is as married a widow. Her first husband is not bad. It will do for a well man

"There is good reason to believe he in the hanging of the two fellows we had an eye turned toward her before caught." replied. change change is what remarkable-and it occurred to me "Yes, what else would we have done today-the old senor whom we rescued "It certainly is," said one of the

"The senorita's first husband was "Ha, ha, ha." laughed the captain softly. "So it was reported. Don Carlos' bandits! No inquiry was ever made regarding the Sener Melrose's death, and I it was well that no one sought to inquire ould imagine how feroclous the Don or meddle, or he, too, might have been ould be, had he but the opportunity for killed by bandits. What would we do

erable myself to care very much.

After resting a while I felt better, and found that I was able to walk without assistance. I had received a wound in my side which hurt me some. The scalp wound, though ugly, and having bled profusely, was not serious.

It had probably been inflicted with

carbine barrel; but, had the blow been widow," resumed the captain, "and he a little more direct, it might have fractured my skull. I was somewhat anband's death. But there is reason to noyed because I had seemed to make so believe that the marriage did not prove been exposed. The mental strain as to be a happy one. She lived a co

much trouble. Being weak, and conmuch trouble. Being weak, and conchild—the child she had by her first
valescent from his pervious sickness, the
husband. Don Carlos insisted that she
may be well for them light if they want
to want
the want
husband will be them light if they want
to want
the want
to want
to want
the want
to want should be educated at a Catholic little bad blood."
school, and she wished to send her "Verily, I belie

"I understand the senorita is to enter a convent," said the lieutenant. "So it was reported, but likely with out foundation," replied the captain. will yet marry Don Luis in spite of her father's opposition to him."

"I would be a form."

"I would be a form."

"I would be a pity," remarked the cond lieutenant. "Why so?" asked the captain

"She takes after her father, and is nore American than Spanish," he reare apt to turn out bad. They would even the country interested me, not get along well together. It would I had never been over it before. be likely to end no better than her restless and impatient and anxious to mother's marriage did."

be at La Puebla.

The conversation was broken. I do My mind was racked with doubts and not remember it all, but there was unreaquite a discussion regarding the ject of marriage. It was finally interrupted by the entrance of a trooper, who came in hurriedly, appearing to Presently, however, we were joined by have just arrived. The men rose to

"What is the news? Sup- been in better spirits. posed you were at Mexico."

CHAPTER XX.

Doubts and Fears.

The next morning, while we were Mr. Melrose for a while, and recount to service I had rendered him. him what I had heard the evening be fore. He appeared not to be surprised

brother's death, for fear the shock to his nervous system, in his week condithanked him for his kindness.

'You though me severe on those felknew. More than once, though, I saw his eyes flash, and his teeth hard set, you that I can be hospitable. I reas was his way when greatly irritated. Still, when he spoke, it was more in has done me a favor.

sorrow than anger. rother was murdered," he said. "For We were destined to become better a suffer, but vengeance is not mine."

replied. to him. "But my brother's child-she his generous offer of hospitality, I was will do what I can to prevent him from his confidence.

Mexico for years, and it is home to her. was not in sympathy with the party I You cannot think it strange if you find favored, and that his friends might be for the people she has been with, and anything else, which caused me to be for the friends she has made."

she is a child, Mr. Harvey-an inex- receiving any favors from him. perienced child. I should have kept her with me in New York when she was there attending school; and not have allowed her to return to this accursed ountry, where men are so treacherous where there is so much corruption. "She was like a daughter to me

she would do what is right did she but "But women are so often unfortunate

er, affectionate and confiding. You do at Mr. Melrose, expecting some expres-not know her yet, Mr. Harvey." at Mr. Melrose, expecting some expres-sion of satisfaction from him; but his His tone and bearing were so unlike what it had been before, when I had and did not take any notice of lifferent man. True, his sickness and gloomy and not speaking. he hardships of the past few days had een very severe on him; but now that

He had not even looked up as we were talking, but rode sadly and listlessly at my side, his head bent forward over his orse's neck. I could see how feeble it vas, and it occurred to me that it would have been well if we had remained onger at Tlaxcala for him to recover his trength somewhat; but the day lear and pleasant, the road good, we raveled slowly, and we had not a long ride before us. Then, when we reached La Puebla he

rest, though I slept little, I felt almost myself again. There was every reason why we should reach our destination as

"I am not well, Mr. Harvey," he said. after a little. I could see that he was not well; but thetic expression of his face, caused me

"You will have rest and care at La

to live there, but a sick man-

"And it will be a change. change of climate is general'y be to one who is in poor health. And what more could you ask than these sunny skies, these mild, pleasant days,

Yes," he answered, with a sigh, "it ico. Were it in our own country how different it would be. See," and he pointed to a valley stretching out bepretty a piece of country as the eye could wish to see, "that is what nature has done; yet what have the people done but quarrel and fight ever since the conquest. Some day there will be a new Mexico, but not in my time.

Knowing the circumstances which had brought Mr. Melrose to Mexico, and the treatment he had received while there, I could understand how trouble had embittered him, and prejudiced his mind against the people, and the community. He was not a man of war, nor one disposed to quarrel. He loved his own fireside and domes-

tic peace and happiness. He was unused to the hardships to which he had

"Verily, I believe we will have to let abroad again. Then the property was them fight," he replied, "and think ourprovided for his child, as well as his more of a hand in it than we have had already. Ah, but war is the busi-

ness of barbarians "It is brutal," I said. "May our coun try escape it.

He said this in a way which impress ed me as being more of a prophecy than war did actually come, we all know. He said no more, and I was in little These marriages between races mood to continue the conversation. Not even the country interested me, though

sonably long for so short a distance, and I could hardly restrain myself from pushing on ahead of my compa "I blamed you for letting meet him.
"I blamed you for letting meet him.
"What, Frego-you here!" exclaimed them jolly enough companions had we would have found them you had them in Don Cortinia rode by my side as we reached the level plain, with its well cul

tivated gardens and orchards, through which the road runs for some distance before coming to the city. He was in far more of a happy mood than I was, and thanked me again and again for the

when we reach La Puebla. You must do me the honor of being my guest,' I explained to him that my stay in the city probably would be brief, but

ember my friends, and any one who

Indeed he did, and he had spoken the "I have always believed that my truth, as I was afterward to discover. this crime Don Carlos should be made to quainted, and the rather selfish service I had rendered him to be more than "The mischlef cannot be undone," I repaid. But I knew that he did not know the mission I was on, or the part now," he said, as if I had been playing in the role of knight recalling thoughts which were painful errant. His kindness, his friendship, hall escape him! God helping me, I afraid to accept, lest I seem to betray

Yet he might have sanction "I trust you may," I replied, "but you thing I had done. It was with a feeling must remember that she has lived in of regret, too, that I remembered he hat she has some love for the country, my enemies. It was this, more than somewhat reserved, and hesitate about "Yes, yes, to be sure," he said. "But seeming to put myself in the way of It was late in the afternoon when we

reached La Puebla.

very early start, and we had been de-layed on the way. The streets of the city were quiet, and the people were about their usual occupations, and there was no excitement-nothing to indicate ever had a daughter-only her. It was that it was a time of war, and that the country was passing through a revolulection of the past, which brought me tion which marked the passing away of the old regime and the ushering in of an era of progress and national prosperity. It was a beautiful evening, as I now remember it, neither too hot nor too cold to be comfortable. The cathedral bells sounded as we passed through the was the end of our journey, and I lo

going on about us. He rode by my side, But this was not to be wondered at, when my attention was more partle larly directed toward him, for I could dece. I had hoped to see him brighten see that he could scarcely keep his seat in the saddle from weakness. caught hold of him, fearing that he was going to fall, and as I did so I noticed that his face was hot and flushed. I was alarmed, and fearing a return of the fever, asked him if I could do anything for him, but he assured me that he

thoughts were elsewhere. He was silent

would be better in the morning. As for myself, my heart beat with wild throbs. Here in this city was Senorita Teresa. I had brought her uncle to her. I would now stand vindicated in her eyes. Still, it was not joy that moved could have better care. With a night's me. It was rather the expectation of seeing her, and the uncertainty as to how she would receive me. I felt that

possibly never to meet again. possibly never to meet again.

I tried to throw off the stifling sensation of despondency which oppressed me. I tried to think that she was nothing to me-that I did not love her. But my thoughts would, wander back to the time she had aided me to escape from her own chamber window.

"My God!" I almost cried aloud, "could I ever forget that time!"

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)